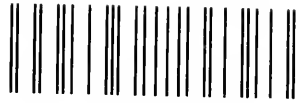


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Just For Greens

Compiled, like "Precious Nonsense"
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A Very Old Song.

NO fare ye well, cold Winter, and
So fare ye well, white frost ;
I'll sing and be as merry when
My true love I have lost.
I'll sing and be as merry when
Occasion I do see.
Oh, I ever will disown him ;
Let him go, farewell he !

Let him go, let him stay,
Let him sink or let him swim !
I wish him a good fortune and
Myself a better grace,
And I hope to be provided for
In a far better place.

He is witty, he is pretty,
He is everything complete.
Now is it not a pity he
Should use so much deceit ?
Now is it not a pity so
Deceitful he should be ?
Oh, I ever will disown him ;
Let him go, farewell he !

If he ever gets another,
He will get her in a joke ;
And he thinks in his own soul
That me he doth provoke.
But if any like his carriage,
And they both can agree,
I'll never spoil his marriage ;
Let him go, farewell he !

SHOPPING.

“**W**HERE are the linens kept?” she asked.
“Downstairs” was the reply.
She sweetly smiled and grabbed her train,
And quickly hastened by.

Once down, she ventured to inquire,
“The linens, are they here?”
“Just three rooms over to the right
And straight back in the rear.”

At last she reached the point proposed.
“The linens?”—like a crash
The answer came across the shop,
“They’re six rooms over—Cash!”

Again she jostled through the crowd,
And faintly asked the clerk,
“The linens, please?” “Upstairs,” he said,
With tantalizing smirk.

She reached the top, quite out of breath,
“The linens, sir?” she said.
“In the annex building, five floors up,
And then walk straight ahead.”

Accomplishing the long ascent,
Her temper sorely tried,
She sharply asked the man in charge,
With wrath she could not hide:

“Will you tell me where the linens are,
Or if they’re in the store?”
“We used to keep them, ma’am,” he smiled,
“But do not any more.”

From the London *Tid-Bits*.

THE VILLAGE ORACLE.

OLD Dan'l Hanks he sez this town
Is jist the best on earth ;
He sez there haint one up nor down
That's got one haif her worth.
He sez there haint no other State
That's good as ourn, nor near ;
And all the folks that's good or great
Is settled right round here.
Sez I, "D'jer ever travel, Dan ?"
"You bet I haint," sez he,
"I tell you what, the place I've got
Is good enough for me."

He sez the other party's fools,
Cause they don't vote his way ;
He sez the feeble-minded schools
Is where they ought to stay.
If he was law their mouths he'd shut,
Or blow 'em all to smash ;
He sez their platform's nothin' but
A great big mess of trash.
Sez I, "D'jer ever read it, Dan ?"
"You bet I haint," sez he,
"And when I do, well, I tell you,
I'll let you know, by gee !"

He sez that all religion's wrong,
'Cept jist what he believes ;
He sez them ministers belong
In jail, the same as thieves.
He sez they take the Blessed Word
And tear it all to shreds ;
He sez their preachin's jist absurd,
They're simply leather-heads.
Sez I, "D'jer ever hear 'em, Dan ?"
"You bet I haint," sez he,
"I wouldn't go to hear them, no !
They make me sick to see."

Some fellers reckon, more or less,
Before they speak their mind,
And sometimes calkerlate or guess,
But them haint Dan'l's kind.
The Lord knows all things, great or small,
With doubt He's never vexed ;
He in His wisdom knows it all,
But Dan'l Hanks comes next.
Sez I, "How do you know you're right ?"
"How do I know ?" sez he,
"Well now, I vum ! I know, by gum,
I'm right, because I BE."

JOE LINCOLN, *L. A. W. Bulletin.*

SISSY'S HAT.

J SING of Sissy's picture hat.
The brim is broad and thick and flat,
And wibble-wobbles by.
The squashy crown, a plushy lump
Inspired by a camel's hump,
Is awful to the eye.

Unknown to Botany and Gray,
Eleven kinds of flowers sway
And sprangle in the air.
Behind, in ribbons interlaced,
A parrot and a fox are placed
An ostrich farm to share.

In front, a jewelled bat is seen.
Three katydids of emerald green
Appear on either side,
And when I first the viper viewed
That on the tip-a-top is glued
I thought I should have died.

To church sweet Sissy joys to wear
This circum-ambulant parterre
By deadly pins confined.
I love her face, I hate her hat,
And while *this* is obscured by *that*
I wish that I were blind.

N. M.

A BALLAD OF LAKE CHAMPLAIN.

’T WAS one dark night on Lac Champlain,
An’ de win’ she’s blow, blow, blow;
When de crew of de wood-scow *Jule La Plante*
Get scare an’ run below.
For de win’ she’s blow like a hurricane;
Bime-by she’s blow some more;
An’ de scow buss up on Lac Champlain,
Juss half-mile from de shore.

De cap’n she’s walk de front deck;
She’s walk de hind deck too;
She’s call de crew from up de hol’;
She’s call de cook also.
Dat cook his name was Rosa,
He’s come from Montreal,
Was chamber-maid on a lumber barge
On de big Lachine Canal.

De win’ she’s blow from nor’ eas’ wes’,
An’ de sous win’ she’s blow too;
When Rosa say, “Oh, capitan,
Vatever s’all we do?”
De cap’n den she’s trow de hank,
But still dat scow she drif’;
An’ de crew he can’t pass on dat shore,
Because he’s lose de skiff.

De night vas dark like von black cat,
An’ de waves roll high an’ fast;
Ven de cap’n take poor Rosa,
An’ she lash him to de mast.
Den de cap’n put on de life-preserve,
An’ she jump into de lac,
An’ say, “Good-bye, my Rosa dear;
I go drown for your sake.”

Nex’ mornin’ very hearly,
’Bout half-past two, three, four,
De cap’n, cook and wood-scow
Lay corpses on dat shore.
For de win’ she’s blow like a hurricane;
Bime-by she’s blow some more;
An’ de scow buss up on Lac Champlain,
’Bout half-mile from de shore.

Now all you wood-scow sailor-mans
Take warning by dat storm,
An’ go an’ marry von nice French girl,
An’ live on von nice farm.
Den de win’ may blow like a hurricane,
An’ s’pose she’s blow some more,
You von’t get drown on Lac Champlain,
So long you stay on shore.

NIRVANA.

I AM
A clam.
Come learn of me
Unclouded peace and calm content,
Serene, supreme tranquility,
Where thoughtless dreams and dreamless thoughts
are blent ;

When the salt tide is rising to the flood,
In billows blue my placid pulp I lave ;
And when it ebbs I slumber in the mud,
Content alike with ooze or crystal wave.

I do not shudder when in chowder stewed,
Nor when the Coney Islander engulfs me raw.
When in the church soup's dreary solitude
Alone I wander, do I shudder ? Nor

If jarring tempests beat upon my bed,
Or summer peace there be,
I do not care : as I have said,
All's one to me ;
A clam
I am.

THE EXPERIMENT.

FIRST I told her I'd surprise her,
Then I hypnotized Eliza.
Why, you wouldn't reco'nize her
Leadin' me in such a dance.
Would you dream that she'd be able
For to wreck a dinin' table?
Well, a wire cordage cable
Couldn't hold her in the trance.

When I made the passes at her,
Seemin'ly they sort o' scat her,
For she plunged an' split a platter
On a shelf behind the door.
An' the palpitatin' creature,
While I tried an' tried to hitch her,
Went collidin' with a pitcher
Which she pitched upon the floor.

No one couldn' go anear her;
It was terrible to hear her,
'Cause her trumpetin' was queerer
Than a blasted Calli-ope.
Up an' down she was a thrashin',
Keepin' up a deadly crashin',
All the bustables was smashin',
An' without a ray o' hope.

All my ears was full o' ringin'
When I seen her swingin', swingin',
An' the janitor was bringin'
In a cop to stop the roar
When she up an' stove the ceilin'
Like she hadn' any feelin';
An' the both of us was reelin'
When she slugged me in the jaw.

'Liza's sand was so amazin'
All the sporty boys are praisin'
O' the Cain she been a raisin'
An' the tear that she's a-tore.
But, tho' gettin' decent wages,
It's a goin' to take me ages
To pay up for her rampages,
Let alone her doin' more.

If the prize-ring was her orbit,
She'd deliberately rob it
O' Persimmons an' Fitzcorbett;
What be they but mortal men?
Oh, you wouldn't reco'nize her
If I hypnotized Eliza,
But I wish that I may die, sir,
If I try it on again.

N. M.

A WOMAN WITH A MISSION.

SHE declaimed with fervid vigor
on the misery of the Digger,
cut a most dramatic figure
while lamenting his condition.
And she said the bare Numidian
and the much-tanned Abyssinian
and the Cannibal and Guinean
overflowed her with contrition.

And her deep sighs weighed the breezes
for these lands where bread and cheese is ;
for the Turks and the Chínese
she was filled with deep emotion.
And her ardent love was greater
all the more she strove to cater
to those tribes beyond the equator,
or across a distant ocean.

And like Rachel, that sweet Jewess,
she wept tears as thick as glue is
at the actions of St. Louis
and Chicago's degradation.
And that these towns, where such sin is,
such a race for golden guineas,
might be made as good as Lynn is
was her prayer and supplication.

For the wild man of Alaska,
or of barbarous Madagascar,
she would say, if you should ask her,
that her love was deep and tender :
While her husband, luckless victim,
looked as though the Fates had licked him ;
and through back streets, where they kicked him,
walked about with one suspender.



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